Ecstasy Reflections

Mai El-Moraly   Rasha Adel

Ecstasy Reflection; Poetry Collection

Mai El-Moraly
Rasha Adel

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Dedicated to every victim in Gaza ...
To every mother lost a child ...
To every child lost a home...
To every home lost a life...
To every life lost a meaning...
To those in mourning and bleeding...
May Allah be with you...

AUTHORS' NOTE

Our collection of poetry is intended to explore, investigate and portray a clearer, yet not a full picture of the human psyche. It depicts different vital aspects of human nature, varying from love to hatred, faith to betrayal, hope to loss and life to death. In writing it, we have tried to share our limited, yet profound experience of life, without necessarily being personal, rather revealing more of ourselves as new born writers and as individuals, determined to create their own voices.

Mai El-Moraly & Rasha Adel

CONTENTS

PART ONE

PART TWO

PART ONE

Mai El-Moraly

The Lady in Blue

Like a soft feather she flew,
With a magical halo of light,
In a princess gown so blue,
Like a full moon so bright.

She captured all attention,
The moment she entered the room,
She perfectly meets the perfection,
Of a beautiful bride but with no groom!

Her eyes as blue as the ocean,
Her lips as red as blood,
When you see her in motion,
She sweeps you like a flood.

Like a Greek goddess full of grace,
She possesses every fine quality,
A beautiful mind, and a beautiful face,
In a woman! What a dangerous duality!

Like Aphrodite she is beautiful,
Like Athena she is wise,
Her words can be deceitful,
Beware the look of her eyes.

She's no man's property;
No one can touch her skin,
A pure virgin for eternity,
Who never commits a sin!

She is everyman's dream,
That will never come true,
Freedom is her main theme,
And independence too.

Within a blink she disappeared,
As if she was a mere vision,
And hence many doubts appeared,
I couldn't make a decision!

Her angelic beauty captured my heart,
But she left before I can tell,
Here comes the end before the start,
Not a chance to bid farewell!

She was simply breathtaking,
Like a fantasy , a daydream,
That left my heart aching,
With pain that is so extreme !

The Story Of "*HE*"

--The Case –

Emptiness ...
He felt while he was leaving,
Arrogance ...
Prevented him from believing,
Fakeness ...
Life is so deceiving,
Silence ...
No more speaking,
Happiness ...
He was seeking,
Pretence ...
He was faking,
Madness ...
He was gaining,
Sadness ...
He was aching,
Innocence ...
Was forsaken,
Rightness ...
Was mistaken,
Conscience ...
Please awaken!

-- The Trial –

Tragedy ...
Proceeded,
Help ...
He needed,
Verdict ...
Preceded,
Guilty ...
He pleaded,
Evil ...
Succeeded,
Treachery ...
Has seeded,
Pain ...
Exceeded.

--The End --

Suffocation ...
No breathing,
Salvation ...
He's screaming,
Awareness ...
Redeeming,
Forgiveness ...
He's dreaming!
Reality ...
Was mean,
Irony
Of fate,
Finality ...
What a scene!
Death ...
Opened the gate,
Soul ...
Departed,
Complexion ...
Went pale,
The auction
Started,
A life
For sale!!!
To heaven or hell,
"Still I don't know,
Dear ones farewell
'Cause now I shall go".

Days ...

Like Petals of an immaculate flower,
Bowing to Mother Nature, Bashfully,
Then leaving on the wings of minutes
Racing with seconds, vanishing into thin air,
Nothing but Fragrance remains everywhere.
And I,
In my orchard watching the universe,
Forgot my morning wishes,
Forgot my night prayers,
And the day turned and departed in silence.

A silent call

O love don't die for I shall hate
All men, when you are gone,
And won't be able to celebrate,
When I remember that you were one.

Dare not to part my love, you know
To leave this world behind is death,
And if from this world you go,
The whole world ends with your breath.

Or if delusions, your soul haunted,
And the mind lost its senses,
Then all delights remain unwanted,
Except to die at your fences.

O scholars' minds do search for answer,
My poor mind has not the wit,
Nor knowledge to fight this beast called "cancer",
And what kind of Evil might be it?

Consuming you this tyrant, in pleasure
Sipping the wine out of your royal veins,
Decaying a refined soul beyond measure,
fearlessly facing intolerable pains.

And yet you can't be occupied by this,
Nor long bear such painful disorder,
For more than Man needful is,
To change a celestial order.

Night of the fall

Night! Night of the fall!
Who's the loneliest one of all?
All left me, all gone
One after one,
As your wind scatters the leaves,
It scattered them too and left no one.
They should have stayed!
They should have tried!
Answer me dark cruel night,
Answer me and ease my mind,
Tell me whether I am wrong or right?

Night! Night of the fall!
Who's the naïve stupid fool?
All deceived me, all lied,
No one left to confide,
Am I guilty because I trust?
Now what inside shall remain inside.
Oh night, your cold wind makes us shiver,
I thought they won't change forever,
They should have listened!
They should have tried!
Answer me dark cruel night,
Answer me and ease my mind
Tell me whether I am wrong or right?

Night! Night of the fall!
Why don't you answer my call!
Night! Night of the fall!
Heel this empty broken soul!
Night! Night of the fall!
Help me, I'm losing control!
Tell my enemies now to rest,
Cause I will quit the duel
Get this burden off my chest,
Please I am running out of fuel,
With your wind moving west
Ask your leaves to fill this hole
In my heart... In my soul...
You should have mercy!
You should have heart!
Answer me dark cruel night,
Answer me and ease my mind
Tell me whether I am wrong or right?

You and *Yourself*

Your egocentricity is overbearing,
Detach *Yourself* from *You!*
You are living in the land of nowhere,
The land of no one,
But *You!*

Your apathy, your inhumanity,
Yourself-centred world,
Yourself-seeking, your vanity,
Your everything will end!

Now …

No hasty conclusion,
And let the play begins:
"*You & Yourself*" is the title,
But don't judge until it ends.

Scene I

Curtains up,
A Dark Place

Enter the main characters:
A Princess,
You & Yourself.

A maimed soul,
And cursed being,
Both interest her no more.
A silent call,
A fake dream,
Both have no essence, no core!

A duel takes place between them both,
For each one has his own needs,
And the princess is torn between them both,
She cries in vain, her heart bleeds.

Scene II

(The Princess cries alone)

Don't step on me,
To reach the top,
My world is out of air,
Go seek another sky to breathe,
For once try to be fair,
Another soil to bury your shame,
For I no longer care!

Exeunt.

Scene III

"*You & Yourself*"
(The confrontation)

You cherished *Yourself,*
You loathed *Yourself*
You ruined *Yourself*
You killed *Yourself*
And no one is left to judge *You!*
For no one is watching …
But *Yourself!*

Scene IV

(Enter the Princess)

Alas!

Seek no salvation in my arms
I won't welcome *You*
Seek no forgiveness in my heaven
I won't welcome *You*
Not even damnation in my hell
I won't welcome *You!*
You mortified *Yourself!*
And *Yourself* abetted *You!*

Scene V

(The Princess leaves and You remains alone)

The blackened sky is infuriated,
With thunder, lightning, and rain,
That *You* wish will pour and pour
To wash your guilt and shame,
You lost all your beloved ones,
And no one is left to blame,
You lost *Yourself*,
You lost your love,
This is the end of the game.

Exeunt.

Applause for *You* and for *Yourself*,
This act is really well done!
And for the broken hearted princess,
But what has gone is gone.
This deed provoked the course of the universe,
And made the heavens frown,
Now let the curtains down.

Curtains fall.

The End

Good Mourning

Good mourning you my dear companion.

The roaring winds rushed inward and you sighed,
Searched for a friendly hand, and clutched, and died,
Like fading fumes, swift from your lulled head,
Phantoms of thought and memory fled.
Wretched and stretched under dirt and mud,
Nothing to console you but a flower bud.
With smothered tears and deep woe, watered,
And before its time for your sake, slaughtered.

Good mourning you my dear companion.

The pulses stopped and it's time to leave,
The sun waved goodbye, the heat cracked the leaf.
Fragments muddled up with golden tears,
And got finally relieved from worries and fears,
Carried on the wings of angels you flied,
To the heaven of heavens, where you will reside,
With merry hymns on the gate fairies, waited
And on seeing you, they sang and celebrated.

Good mourning you my dear companion.

We once had each other, but now farewell
Fated to have another place to Dwell,
Surrounded by creatures you've never known,
Pale ghastly faces, cold and blue,
But deep inside you know it's true,
From the other world I'll be watching you

Good mourning you my dear companion.

We once had each other, but now goodbye,
No matter how far, on you I'll keep an eye,
Even when it gets really dark,
Just try to guide me with a spark,
For this course of nature we have to follow,
Though parting makes it all hollow.

Good mourning you my dear companion.

Together Forever

You said we will be together forever,
I never believed you …. No I never!
I know you well; you're like a deep river,
The more I sink into you, the more I know you better.
Still I want to venture, however!
I wish my feelings will someday differ.
BUT IT'S TRUE....
Sometimes we find in torturing ourselves a pleasure!

A Sonnet to the End

Drums beating so loud and fierce,
Blowing to disturb tranquillity of deaf ears,
Summoning souls that were long forgotten,
Uncovering piles of bones and flesh so rotten,
And dusty faces searching though stricken,
With dismay as drums howl and movements quicken,
And celestial bodies go utterly out of order,
The universe crashes down in an indistinguishable
disorder,
While Suns vigorously burning the green fields of the
mind,
That once blossomed with philosophy so refined,
Moons with flashes of blinding light,
Fooled senses that were formerly right,
Dried all the waters of seas and oceans,
And suddenly stopped all the motions,
Then, a powerfully blown horn shatters Earth into
pieces,
And in a deep hole gathered all species,
As differences between Man and animal are seen no
more,
And nothing remains as it was before.

An Outrageous Call!
On "The 6th of April Strike"

An outrageous call!

For those who care, and those who don't.
For those who dare, and those who don't.
For those who will, and those who won't.

An outrageous call!

For those who can, and those who can't.
For those who doubt, and those who grant.
For those who reap, and those who plant.

An outrageous call!

For those who kill, and those who die.
For those who sell, and those who buy.
For those who laugh, and those who cry.

An outrageous call!

For those who fight, and those who submit.
For those who remember, and those who forget.
For those who reject, and those who accept.

An outrageous call!

For those who believe, and those who deny.
For those who give up, and those who try.
For those who surrender, and those who defy.

An outrageous call!

For those who build, and those who destroy.
For those who please, and those who annoy.
For those who suffer, and those who enjoy.

An outrageous call!

For those who leave, and those who stay.
For those who guide, and those who stray.
For those who object, and those who obey.

An outrageous call!

For those who are wrong, and those who are right.
For those who read, and those who write.
For those who suck, and those who bite.

An outrageous call!

For those who develop, and those who corrupt.
For those who hold back, and those who erupt.
For those who continue, and those who interrupt.

An outrageous call!

For those who take, and those who give.
For those who resent, and those who forgive.
For those who die, and those who live.

An outrageous call!

For those who disagree, and those who agree.
For those who plot, and those who decree.
For those who are blind, and those who can see.

An outrageous call!

For all human beings,
To set our souls free!
To set our souls free!

I'm 21 ...

I'm 21.... Nothing left to be done!
Lots of sufferings, and pain no fun,
Anyway what has gone is gone,
So run!
But where to? ... Can no longer see the sun,
The curtains are falling though Life has just begun,
Who survived life? Think about it son.
The answer is; *None.... None...None!*

A Day in the Life of an "*Eye* "

Curtains up...

A new bright day
He's here beside her, as usual
I can see love in the air
He is touching her face tenderly
She is holding his hand softly
Then, his small black metal thing
Beside the bed sends flashes of light!
She holds it; she is giving it to him
But something attracts her attention!!!
The letters on the screen...
"S-w-e-e-t H-e-a-r-t"
With a small picture beside
Of a real beauty!!!
He grasps this thing from her hands violently!
His face changes, his lips are trembling, he seems nervous
Her face changes, her lips are trembling, she seems
shocked
An overflow of mixed emotions follows
She sits on the chair gazing at the window, she looks so
pale!
He rests his head on her knees, he looks so hopeless!
Words of forgiveness rushed to her lips ....and died there
Then silence reigned ....
Within a blink...

The" bright day" turned into a "misty night"
My vision isn't clear … not anymore!
It is raining now!
A flood of tears blocked my view
Night is falling faster and faster
Now I can see only
Sadness
Darkness
Nothingness

Curtain falls.

An Apology

I'm a human being,
I'm not an angel!
I have a heart that loves and beats,
Sometimes I tangle.
I can be mad or evil,
But out of anger
So please forgive me,
And Light my darkness,
My Sincere Candle.

An Epitaph

Too vigorous
Too young,
Too strong,
And too full of the sap of living,
Too valiant,
Too genuine,
Too genial,
And capable of forgiving,
Too mystic,
Too realistic,
Too artistic,
But sadly forgetting,
I WAS!

Now I'm 29!

I'm Twenty Nine...
I know the sun will always shine,
And all what I have dreamt of,
Someday will be mine.
It's Nature's Design!
I'm accepting … and doing just fine,
But waiting for the right sign,
Not to be deceived by life!
What a word …. "Life", Can you define?
A huge empty place, where you have to wait in line!
Driven by a hidden power that is so divine.
Shall I resign?!!
The answer is not to whine.
Have faith, trust, and believe,
Rebel against confine!
Say farewell to grief...
Decline...! Decline...! Decline....!

I Lost My Ring

I lost my ring …
Maintained my humanity,
May be its insanity,
But this is my nature, my spring.

Have I given it up?
Negativity… maybe,
Maturity … maybe,
Perhaps searching for Purity.

It's not mine …
I'm not mine!
"Me" I'm just a fake identity;
I guess I need to be free.

It Never belonged to my hand,
My empty soul ,
Wounded entity ,
This deserted land.

This golden circle,
Surrounding my finger,
Suffocating my blood
This thick mud,
This stillness of emotions,
I thought it's a bless,
No I am sure it's a damn curse.

I examine those around me,
faces and hands,
left and right,
I find it bright,
But mine ....
Faded into the dark night,
I panicked ... I searched ...I tried!

But it's gone!
It disappeared!
I'm breathing now... isn't it weird?

I can have another one ,
A better one,
With a shiny Diamond,
Find the real brightness,
Instead of this artificial light,
That causes me distress!

To lose to win I care no more ,
One day I'll find what I'm looking for,
I'll start again , I can, .. I think!
I lost my ring but not everything!!!

WHY???

This monosyllabic word has been going through my mind all day long,
Echoing loudly in my head ….still don't know "*Why*"
I've been investigating everything around me,
Every feeling, everyone!

I was even investigating the tone of the word… "*Why*"
The voice in the end of the word is like a cry,
But for what?! Is it a deep cry for help, for knowledge?
A cry to be heard, or to be noticed!!!

"*Why* "…..it sounded like a sigh,
As when you fail to reach something high,
When you seek the ocean but find it dry,
Or when dear people suddenly die,
In every time we say good-bye,
When things get complicated when there is no reply,
When you are forced to face things you cannot deny,
When you lose it all within a blink of an eye,
And you are no more able to give it a try,
When you need help but there is no one ready to sacrifice,
We are always asking "*Why* "
But still don't know "*Why* "??

Smother-Land

Hail king of Smother-Land,
We are all at your command.
My grandpa told me about your deeds,
My father did as well!
Now it's my turn to tell my kids,
For their turn will come to tell!
The same old story,
Of a king with a will of fire,
With power, authority and wealth,
Who does whatever he desires,
The same old story,
Over and over told and sung,
The victory, the glory,
That no one can deny,
No matter old or young,
A happy nation,
Firm foundation,
Great expectation,
Green plantation,
No obligation,
Free medication,
Perfect education,
Self motivation,
Promising generation,
Policy revelation,
Fair regulation,
Civilized conversation,
Ohh … have I strayed again?!
Forgive my imagination!!!
Hail king of Smother-Land,
We are all at your command.

My Old Man

My old man wrote,
Words of wisdom to me,
On a dead leaf of a lemon tree,
He said believe me little girl,
Behind your mask I can see,
Because I know you deeply,
So dry your tears away,
And listen carefully.
Sometimes letting go,
Can make you stronger,
Can set your soul free,
And in this life we are fated,
So what shall be!
One day will be!
But face your fate with dignity,
With a head highly raised,
With a heart full of serenity,
Ease your worries ...
One day the wound will heal,
All your sorrows and sadness,
You don't have to conceal,
Burst into tears!
Shout to their ears!
Let the world know,
Your existence is real,
Show them how you feel!
Show them how you feel!

Rebel or object,
Reject or suspect,
Life is a deal!
Take it or leave it,
Live it or die,
But never quit trying to
Give it a try,
We know life is tough,
But look at the sky,
Above highly high,
Ask God to help you
On *HIM* you should rely,
Before your eyes blink
You will have the reply,
How merciful you are God!
No one can deny.

So,
Trust in *HIM*, trust in you,
Trust in everything,
You believe to be true,
Relive your life,
Make everything possible,
Make everything new,
Wave to your past,
Goodbye!
Farewell!
Adieu!

PART TWO

Rasha Adel

She who Said Farewell to Grief

She,
Who always looked back upon her actions,
With a satisfaction so radiant,
Now seemed to be,
A subject of self-reproach.

With the lapse of time,
These impressions would fade away,
She always thought.

Ironically,
Plodding along,
Rapt in thoughts,
With eyes bent down,
So gloomy,
And so horror stricken,
She long remained lost.

She has a mind.
She has a heart.
They are her burdens.
They are her temptations.
She drags them along.
She helplessly yields to them both.

Standing shivering,
Upon the dreadful brink,
She would have died,
Within a blink.
But with horror,
She recoiled,
How she was not ignorant enough,
To sip at her own chosen drink.

The terrible consequences,
Led to her condemnation,
Had in some art,
Broken the wall,
That separates us,
From the mystery,
Of things beyond,
And sadly indulges us,
Into deep isolation,
That pathetically shapes,
Our coming destination.

Through her fatal mistakes,
She was looking beyond this world,
And unfortunately,
She could see nothing,
But herself,
A weak creature,
That fails to get bold.

Yet of a sudden,
Words of wisdom,
Upon which,
The weight of humanity,
Most heavily falls,
Showed her the light,
Guided her to North.

'Be careful of the way,
In which you think of all the decayed,
Death is definite,
Turn the page,
And you shall see,
The living glory,
Of your well beloved dead,
At the heart of grace'

Indeed,
It is a fall,
But a fall upon the knees
Which may end in prayer,
And rest us for so many years.

She,
An ex-sinner,
Finally feels,
That she is redeemed,
With hope,
And an everlasting,
Relief!
Repent, pray, believe,
Come along,
Get into real life,
And say farewell to grief.

Little or Nothing at All

Cast your worn eyes upon me,
I am the cream of all your kind.
Behold the elegant figure,
Lady that I am:
Pretty as a picture, fine as gold,
Lady of the living, lady of the dead,
I simply hold sway over all.

My vigour and free spirit,
Shape the woman who now I am.
And the thread of my poor garment,
Unwinds the scheme of my real fame,
In a world where a soldier in a tattered battledress,
Is as honourable as a college man.

But a mother's choice may sometimes fall,
On others who have got no sense at all.
As only when she trusts in her maternal wit,
Does she argue by intuition,
Whatever she thinks, for her most beloved, should fit.

And although she may boast she knows,
How to distinguish verse from prose,
And chat about symbols and myths,
From old novels of courtly romance
To ballads of Springs and Falls,
Though she has learned this and more,
She knows little or really nothing at all.

Now observe her taste.
Isn't it bad?
Yes, and how sad,
That she despises those of worth,
And favours mud to solid force.
How could she know what inner beauty is,
Whom only wealth supports?

Yet I am not insulted by her notions.
I won, now go and join the sore losers,
Who dwell in her cage,
Like animals who rant and rage,
Whereas I have got myself and for no change.

And Oh!
Poor she, who is in awe,
And she, who fails to know,
That even the cleverest woman of all,
Knows little or nothing at all.

As Fickle As the Weather

As the winds must shift and veer,
As Mother Nature must change attire,
Naked, through winter, we stand as trees,
Before, through summertime, we deck in leaves.
Though night succeeds each day,
Though centuries pass swiftly by,
Never do we change;
When we stay at a million years of age.
As we live on and live forever,
As on our sturdy bodies,
May no leaves ever wither,
It's only our dances that change in time,
Step by step, measure for measure.
Hey! Can't you feel the pleasure,
Of being as fickle as the weather?!

On Pause

Love is such a cruel tyrant,
That heedless of all the faith he keeps.
Sorrowfully in her heart, he is a companion,
Who puts an end to all her sleeps.

Pitiful so it is to drag out,
All the sorry quarrels buried in his soul.
As when her blood suspends in doubt
And each full impulse backward rolls,
Does he behold her weak figure,
Still waiting for his call.

Oh my, how year on year is gone,
And her beauty is shattered by his flaw,
That has creation in its keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or holds mercy on all his weeping,
In which he's never seen himself before.

And he who delves in her beauty's lore,
Grieves over what he's done before,
Of walking away and humming their dreams,
Of love and passion beyond all extremes,
For whatever inexorable cause,
That would put their hopes together on pause,
And make Time so vicious in his reaping,
The moment all their love stops breeding.

A Solemn Moment

A wake of light seemed to lie on the grass behind us.
To where I walked clumsily,
To where the great elm trees stand.

You rolled yourself over in the long green grass.
You chewed a stalk between your teeth.
You made me laugh.

On this ring of grass,
We have sat together.
Bound by the tremendous power,
Of some inner emotions.

And ...

On this ring of grass,
We sat with our arms binding our knees,
Hinting at some other order,
Which makes a reason everlasting.

As the trees wave,
As the clouds pass,
As time approaches,
Our soliloquies were finally to be shared.

Until ...

I saw her picking some flowers,
Forbiddingly,
And sticking it behind her ear,
So that your eyes sparkle,
With admiration,
At her and not me.

If I don't purse my lips,
If I don't screw my handkerchief,
I shall cry.

Rather,
I looked at you vaguely ,
And thought with a sigh,
How we were bound together,
By a loose but a fundamental tie.

Insignificant

My roots go down to the depths of the world,
And I wind up on the edge of the margin,
Between mysticism and madness.

Words move darkly in the depths of my mind,
I hear nothing but the murmur of the waves in the air.
And I yield to madness.

And
I am torn,
And
I am twisted,
And
I am being knocked against,
And
I am being damaged.

Out of me now, my mind can pour
Blank melodies of human experience.
And when future can only blossom out of the past,
I can only struggle to arrest a moment in time.

I begin to draw a figure and the world is gathered in it.
The world is entire,
And I am outside.

And
I was weeping,
And
I was bleeding,
And
I was searching,
For someone to save me from being blown forever
outside the loop of time.

Through darkness I sail on alone,
And I sink,
And I fall.

And
When I try to pull myself,
Waters heap themselves over me.
And
When I try to shout,
Waters sweep me.

"I am a collective identity without a single self.
I have no face.
I have no personal experience
I am shattered.
I am a hollow phantom moving mistily without a
background.
I am insignificant."

And
I am turned,
And
I am tumbled,
And
I am stretched among endless paths with people pursuing.

Against All ...

Against all the beginnings,
Against all the endings,
Against all the goods,
Against all the odds,
Against all the truths,
Against all the false,
Against all the evaluations,
Against all the humiliations,
Against all the forbidden,
Against all the hidden,
Against all the sins,
Against all the repents,
Against all the lives,
Against all the deaths,
Against all the angels,
Against all the devils,
Against all the heavens,
Against all the hells,
    And,
Against all the logics,
    And,
Against all the madnesses,
A muse,
Remains a muse,
To its author who,
Long has been confused.

And so,
Embodied in you,
Will always be my muse,
Whose memory,
Will prevail,
Till after the last syllable,
Of my recorded youth.

Ah Love!

You have a magnificent power that changes the hearts,
The force that makes the whole world goes around,
In an inspiring way, difficult to be found,
By our souls, which have long been falling apart.
Ah, love, let us be true,
Your image haunts me so many years ago,
Urging me to search for the core of your perfection,
And bring it on for the sake of ultimate satisfaction.
Indeed, faith is fading down our souls,
And corruption is taking all control.
Yet it's never too late,
We can still change our fate.
Let's stick together and be wild,
Let's stick together and face the tide.
Until we are no longer in confine,
Until we are finally able to resign.

She Entombed

Her eyes make me see the devil in me.
She is my outlet, the gateway that would set me free,
From all the evil inherited by me.

In her is the end of breeding.
In her is the end of weeping.
In her is the end of corruption,
That made humanity bleeding.

But,
Like a lonely feather drifting aimlessly,
I could see her whirl down caverns,
Unable to draw herself back.

And,
Like a desperate mother in agony,
I could hear her cry mercilessly,
Calling death to summon her fast.

How I wish I could rather offer you my hand,
How I wish I could rather help you stand,
To face all your miseries,
To set free all the banned.
Don't you know that the great work of the world,
Is planted in your lands?

But,
No more with overflowing darkness,
Shall dim your eyes that now are faded!
No more with sickening loneliness,
Shall ache your heart that now is dreaded.

And,
No more of me shall quiver down your days,
And make your life remain longer shaded.

And so,
I am resigning loyalty to my maker.
I am resigning integrity to my creator.

Yet,
I wish I am not forsaken.
I wish I am not over taken,
By all the evil that exists within me,
By all the beauty I can see,
In your eyes that mercilessly hinder me,
From accomplishing all what I was meant to be.

THEY

They fumble at your door,
They fumble at your door,
As some sort of a drunken Bee,
Unable to stand tall.

They stun you by degrees,
They stun you by degrees.
Beware of their tricks,
They can make your pretty eyes,
Fall into tears.

Prepare the iron maiden in you,
Prepare the iron maiden in you.
Before a tremendous blow,
Starts nearer and then so slow.

They never took your breath away,
They never took your breath away.
For you were definitely smart enough,
To drag their naked souls along,
And scalp its shape as a piece of clay.

Hey You!

Your confession is not very much too late.
I knew you were sincere when you once said
"I like you, but pardon me; it's a seasonal date!"
I tell you, you sounded very much like trying to wake up the dead.
Yet, you made me believe that there is a certain fate,
Behind your lowered voice now and bowed head.
You dragged yourself to confess what you have already said.
I warned you before not to mess around, I am not a kid.
"Did I fool you around?" ... Oh God again I did!
Indeed, life is a chaos and too many years are still coming ahead
So how are we ever going to face them, when we are long driven and led,
By our restless souls which are long twisted and full of hate?

Dust

I will stamp all this dust,
Until my heart busts,
Yes! I will make it bust,
Until I am dust.

Hard as a rock,
Though it sounds to be.
I will stamp the ground,
So heavily.
So that love will break,
Open for me.
Alas!
My own grave,
Underground!

Love has crushed,
All my luck,
Down in the dust.
So deep and quick,
I must kick,
The hardest ground,
To destroy the evil,
All the evil,
I distrust

Dead and silent,
Underground,
Happiness has passed me by,
Disregarding me faith and grace,
And leaving only,
This heavy pile of dust,
Upon my face.

A wasted Dream

From the dark claw of ingratitude,
From the blunt fist of the shameful attitude,
And the dreadful regrets that rise up to multitudes,
My youth is confined to remain in an everlasting solitude.

When a storm sweeps over me,
Where I lie in a ditch disregarded,
When I look at the stars,
As they drawback and are extinguished and then departed.
I fear not to call myself a pathetic retarded.

As my numb limbs were once alert with philosophy,
And they carried me to the chapel of dreams,
Where all was green,
And all was foreseen,
I had to kill it at birth.
I was unseen.

Please forgive me …

Sorrows were to be great,
I had to save it from its impending fate,
I had to protect it from me and your growing debate,
That were about to shatter it,
And then the remedy would be too late!

A Beauty Queen

A Beauty awakens at dawn.
A pack of children quarrel with each other and then frown.
They pick at what looked like a bundle of rags.
The rags had her long forgotten human face.
A prostitute who had spent her short life,
On the lowest rung of the ladder of human race.

A Beauty walks the city's dirty streets.
The air is thick with dust and flees.
As reluctantly she lowers her eyes from the perfection of heaven,
She sees a cluster of vehicles and a knot of people falling into tears.
A smell of cooking tugs at their nostrils,
And their stomachs with hers growl in fierce.

A Beauty seeks to rebel and fight back,
To maintain all the dignity she lacked.
Thrown into the cells and beaten half to death,
She wrestled inside with all the rest.
A victim,
Who if died of her injuries, no one would know or care,
And who if survived, would spend years rotting in jail,
Before her case come to trail.

A Beauty roams the world for an outlet.
Like a net full of rocks that one flings over some sea,
She never thought that she will sink that deep.
Creeping deliciously through her thin body,
And gently fogging her mind,
And easing away her mental pains,
Was her Opium outlet.
An Opium addict who was lulled into warm drowsiness,
In which she could see nothing but flowerbeds stretched everywhere.

Looking Glasses

This is my face in the looking glass,
Behind the devil's shoulder.
"That is my face.
But I will duck behind him to hide it."
I have an ugly face.

Other people have faces,
They are here.
Their world is the real world.
They exist.
They say yes.
They say no.
Whereas I shift and change,
And I am seen through a second.

I attach my devilish face only to shadows and ghosts.
And When I see someone passing me,
I choke.

My eyes swell.
My eyes prick with tears.
My heart fails to turn rough,
And I am rocked from side to side,
By the violence of my emotion,
Whenever I remember
How I was born entire,
Out of hatred,
Out of discord.

I imagine people watching me from far behind.
I leap high to excite their admiration.
And I die pierced with arrows to win their tears.

Oh God!
I am avenging myself upon the moment,
I created the devil in me.
"I no longer follow any word through its changes.
I no longer follow any thought from present to past."
I am crying in despair.

I hate looking glasses which show me my real face.
Alone I have fallen down into nothingness.
I must push my feet strongly,
Lest I should fall off the edge of the world,
And go back into nothingness.
There is nothing staid,
Nothing settled in this universe.
This universe is falling into nothingness.

Tick Tock

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
Time passes, we grow old.
But to sit with you,
You there, I here,
Is ever all.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
So why look at the clock ticking?
I clutch your hands.
You leave me.
We are cut up. We are dissolved.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
Upon the rich soil of my imagination,
Images of our past breed instantly,
And each time the suspense sharpens,
Your image blasts,
As fast as a fire blazes on some far horizon.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
Time is endless, ambition is vain.
And as the old tap finally stops dripping,
I push my thread through the needle.
And as I rest my head on my pillow,
I grieve over my worn out individuality,
That has long been asserting its so-called freedom.
I miss you …

Me and *Thee*

When *Me* is lagging behind,
Though she has everything that should ease her mind,
And makes her get over all the things she once denied,
Still *Me* fails and loses her mind,
Until *Me* leads herself to sleepless nights,
Which sadly over control her psyche.

When *Me*'s ill psyche plays tricks on her,
Like a statue she crumbles into dust and is no more seen.
Though she looks around and thinks if this is where she
ought to be,
She fails as always and thinks of herself so mean,
That she loses all self-esteem,
And indulges herself in more grief.

When yet grief accompanies *Me*,
And drives her to no where but to darkness,
She tries hard to remember, what was happiness?
Yet she yields to nothing but to loneliness.
Though eventually destroys all her eagerness,
She mercilessly mocks at the very sight of *Thee*!

When *Thee* is what has always been tormenting *Me*,
And *Me*'s psyche at last realizes it has been tortured not
By *Me*,
But *Thee*!
Me gets strong enough to get back at *Thee*,
For still *Thee* are not more powerful than *Me*,
So *Me* crashes down the mirror that has been holding *Thee*,
For too long and underestimating *Me*!

People Come and People Go

People come and people go,
Like shadows,
Lost long time ago.
People come and people go,
Like ghosts,
Long forgotten, lingering alone.
People come and people go,
Like visions,
Without a trace to follow them through.

People come and people go,
I am watching your face fading so slow,
People come and people go,
I saw you walking away irresolute of where to go.
People come and people go,
You left no trace to remind me of you.

People come and people go,
You didn't have to go though.
People come and people go.
It was your choice after all.
People come and people go,
But life is short, don't you know?

So,
Why bother about those who still exist,
When they too, will fail to insist,
And remain, unlike all the rest,
Who flew away, like birds from their mothers' nests.
Oh life,
You are nothing but a fake land of dreams,
Fooling us beyond belief.

Misjudged

I know it,
By the numb look in their eyes,
How I made them despise,
Me falling into vice.

I regret it.
For being misjudged by their appropriate role.
Yet as all their logic would fill my soul,
It failed to show me who is the real fool.

I am proud to state it.
My right might be love.
But theirs is need.
And my object in life is to unite,
Between what I love and what I need.

When Honesty Prevails …

When honesty prevails,
And a grain of truth shouts a long cry of hails,
Will you marry a dead corpse?
Unable to think,
Unable to speak,
Far away from conscience,
The voice of society,
In which she has been bred.
Very close to fakes,
The heart of society,
In which she has been killed.

When honesty prevails,
And a grain of truth shouts a long cry of hails,
Will you feel content?
With failure accumulating by,
With life growing shorter,
And youth waving goodbye,
"Farewell to dreams,
Our conscience was never at ease,
And our hearts were never pleased,
By our wild appetite for experience,
Which has long been ceased."

When honesty prevails,
And a grain of truth shouts a long cry of hails,
Will we intend to believe,
That we will be crowned as kings and queens,
And will remain till the end of years,
When we are nothing but mere guests,
On broken dead leaves,
Hanging on to illusions,
Accepting self-delusions,
Violating nature,
And then weeping for fertile conclusions.

When honesty prevails,
And a grain of truth shouts a long cry of hails,
Please do not weep,
You were never born to drill and die,
You were rather born towards eternity,
With your head raised up so high,
Leaving behind devils,
Running, leaping, sinking in sin,
And heading to real immortality,
Wherein ultimate civility is found.